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Rest at Last.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
Silver stars when the day is done.
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.
After the clouds, the violet sky;
Quiet woods when the wind goes by.
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
After the battle peaceful graves.
After the knell, the wedding bells;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells.
After the bud, the radiant rose;
After our weeping, sweet repose.
After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the furrow, the waking seed.
After the flight, the downy nest;
Over the shadowy river—rest.

A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

Passing out between the hills, the young fellows found themselves on a nearly level plain. Here, too, was a dense throng of buffaloes, stretching off to the undulating horizon. As the two explorers walked on, a wide lane seemed to open in the mighty herds before them. Insensibly, and without any hurry, the creatures drifted away to the right and left, browsing or staring, but continually moving. Looking back, they saw that the buffaloes had closed up their ranks on the trail which they had just pursued; while before, and on either hand, was a wall of animals.

"We are surrounded!" almost whispered Arthur, with some alarm.

"Never mind, my boy. We can walk out, just as the children of Israel did from the Red sea. Only we have waves of buffaloes, instead of water, to close behind and open before and be a wall on each side. See!"

And, as they kept on, the mass before them melted away in some mysterious fashion, always at the same distance from them.

"See! We move in a vacant space that travels with us wherever we go, Arty."

"Yes," said the lad. "It seems just as if we were a candle in the dark. The open ground around us is the light we shed; the buffaloes are the darkness outside."

"A good figure of speech, that, my laddie. I must remember it. But we are getting out of the wilderness."

They had now come to a sharp rise of ground, broken by a rocky ledge, which turned the herds more to the northward. Ascending this, they were out of the buffaloes for the time, but beyond them were thousands more. Turning southward, they struck across the country for the wagon track, quite well satisfied with their explorations.

Between two long divides, or ridges, they came upon a single wagon, canvas covered, in which were two little children. Two boys—one about seven and the other eleven years old—were playing near by, and four oxen were grazing by a spring.

In reply to Mont's surprised question as to how they came off the trail, and why they were here alone, they said that their father and uncle had come up after buffaloes, and were out with their guns. Their mother was over on the bluff—pointing to a little rocky mass which rose like an island in the middle of the valley. She had gone to hunt for "sarvice berries." They were left to mind the cattle and the children.

"Pretty careless business, I should say," murmured Mont. "Well, youngsters," he added, "keep by the wagon; if your cattle stray off, they may get carried away by the buffaloes. Mind that!"

They went on down the valley, looking behind them at the helpless little family alone in the wilderness.

"A man ought to be licked for leaving his young ones here in such a lonely place," said Mont.

Suddenly, over the southern wall of the valley, like a thunder cloud, rose a vast and fleeing herd of buffaloes. They were not only running, they were rushing like a mighty flood.

"A stampede! a stampede!" cried Mont; and, flying back to the unconscious group of children, followed by Arthur, he said: "Run for your lives, youngsters! Make for the bluff!"

Seizing one of the little ones, and bidding Arthur take the other, he started the boys ahead for the island bluff, which was some way down the valley. There was not a moment to lose. Behind them, like a rising tide, flowed the buffaloes in surges. A confused murmur filled the air; the ground resounded with the hurried beat of countless hoofs, and the earth seemed to be disappearing in the advancing torrent. Close behind the flying fugitives the angry, panic stricken herd tumbled and tossed. Its labored breathing sighed like a breeze, and the warmth of its pulsations seemed to stifle the air.

"To the left! to the left!" screamed Arthur, seeing the bewildered boys, who fled like deer, making directly for the steepest part of the bluff. Thus warned, the lads bounded up the little island, grasping the underbrush as they climbed. Hard behind them came Arty, pale, his features drawn and rigid, and bearing in his arms a little girl. Mont brought up the rear with a stout boy on his shoulder, and breathless with excitement and the laborious run.

Up the steep side they scrambled, falling and recovering themselves, but up at last. Secure on a bare rock, they saw a heaving tide of wild creatures pour tumultuously over the edge and fill the valley. It leaped from ledge to ledge, tumbled and broke, rallied again and swept on, black and silent save for the rumbling thunder of many hoofs and the panting breath of the innumerable multitude. On it rolled over every obstacle. The wagon disappeared in a twinkling, its white cover going down in the black tide like a sinking ship at sea. Past the island like bluff, where a little group stood spellbound, the herd swept, the rushing tide separating at the rocky point, against which it beat and parted to the right and left. Looking down, they saw the stream flow by, on and up the valley. It was gone, and the green turf was brown where it had been. The spring was choked, and the wagon was trampled in a flat ruin.

Fascinated by the sight, Mont and Arthur never took their eyes from it until it was over. Then returning to their young charges, they saw a tall, gaunt woman, with a horror-stricken face, gathering the whole group in her arms. It was the mother.

"I don't know who you be, young men, but I thank you from the bottom of my heart," she said. "Yes, I thank you from the bottom of my heart—and, oh! I thank God, too!" And she burst into tears.

Arthur, at loss what else to say, remarked: "Your wagon is all smashed."

"I don't care—don't care," said the woman, hysterically rocking herself to and fro where she sat with her children clasped to her bosom. "So's the young ones are safe, the rest may go to wrack."

As she spoke, a couple of horsemen came madly galloping down the valley, far in the wake of the flying herd. They paused, thunderstruck, at the fragments of their wagon trampled in the torn soil. Then, seeing the group on the rock, they hastened on, dismounted, and climbed the little eminence.

"Great powers above, Jemimy! we stampeded the buffaloes!" said the elder of the pair of hunters.

Arty expected to hear her say that she was thankful so long as they were all alive.

"Yes, and a nice mess you've made of it." This was all her comment.

"Whar's the cattle, Zeph?" asked the father of this flock.

"Gone off with the buffaloes, I reckon, dad," was the response of his son Zephaniah.

The man looked up and down the valley with a bewildered air. His wagon had been mashed and crushed into the ground. His cattle were swept out into space by the resistless flood, and were nowhere in sight. He found words at last:

"Well, this is perfeckly rediclus."—*St. Nicholas for March.*

The Cedar Mines of New Jersey.

Among the strange productions of Cape May are the cedar mines—swamps of dark, miry stuff, in which are buried immense trees of the white cedar. These consist of enormous trees buried to a depth of from six to ten feet. The logs lie one across another, and there is abundant evidence that they are the growth of different successive forests. Indeed, in these very swamps forests of the very same trees are now growing.

The miners become very skillful at their work. An iron rod is thrust into the soft mud, over which often the water lies. In striking a buried tree the workman will by several soundings at last tell how it lies, which is its root end, and how thick it is. He then manages to get a chip of the tree and by its smell determines at once whether it is worth the labor of mining: that is, the workman will tell unerringly whether the tree be a windfall or a breakdown. If a breakdown, it was so because it was decayed when standing; if a windfall, the tree fell while sound, and has been preserved ever since by the antiseptic nature of the peat marsh in which it was buried. The soft earth is then removed. This makes a pit in the swamp. Into this the water soon flows and fills it up. This is rather an advantage. The saw is now introduced, and at regular intervals a cut is made through the tree, when the log floats to the surface. It is curious that a log of a sound tree will be sure to turn over when it floats up, the lower sides thus becoming uppermost. Trees in this way are sometimes obtained which will yield 10,000 shingles, worth $20 per thousand; thus one tree will yield $200.

The age of such a tree, as the season rings have been counted, has been made out to be from ten to twelve hundred years and even more. A layer of such trees is found covered by another layer, and these again by another, and even a third, while living trees may still be growing over all. It is evident, indeed, that New Jersey has experienced what the geologists call "oscillations." Cape May contains abundant evidence of having been lifted out of a modern sea. The recent oyster and clam are found in natural beds, just as they died in the ocean, but now in positions many feet higher than the contiguous oyster bed; while buried trees exist at depths lower than the beds of living molusks.

How Meats are Kept.

It may interest our readers to know how meats are kept fresh for the English market during a voyage across the Atlantic. The process is protected by letters patent on both sides of the ocean, and the proprietors have shown a desire to have the public generally acquainted with it. A traveler who crossed the Atlantic last winter in the steamer on which the first experiment was made, writes as follows: A New York business man, interested in the company and intrusted with the management of this first venture, was one of the passengers. He not only made no "trade secret" of the enterprise he was engaged in, but took those of his fellow passengers who seemed interested in the subject (myself among them) to the part of the steamer where the refrigerator was placed, opening the door and explaining every point in principle and practical working as clearly as possible. The principle is extremely simple, and it involves no chemical process or application of any kind. To keep fresh meat sound and sweet during the ten or twelve days needed to cross the ocean it is necessary merely to keep it dry and cool, without freezing it. This was the entire problem before the inventor, and he has solved it by purely mechanical means. The meat being in one part of the refrigerator and the ice in another, a fan, worked day and night by a small engine, keeps a constant stream of air passing over the meat and the ice alternately. This is the whole process, and there is no "secret" back of it. Of course the air from the ice keeps the meat cool, but not as low as the freezing point. If in passing through the meat chamber the air takes up the slightest moisture this is necessarily condensed into water as soon as it reaches the ice again, and it flows away in runways at the bottom of the ice chamber when collected in sufficient quantity.

"Don't swear or ask for postage stamps" is a Boston druggist's placard of admonition to his customers.

The Young Lawyer.

The tie which bound a certain Detroit youth to a lawyer's office was severed yesterday, and his parents were happy. They wanted the boy to make a great lawyer, but he was getting along too fast. He pursued his studies with an ardor which cast a judicial shadow o'er the household and created considerable neighborhood talk. He got trusted for candy and repudiated the bill on the grounds that he was a minor. He bought a dog and went into bankruptcy. He borrowed a pair of skates and defied the owner to get out a wait of replevin. He borrowed fifty cents and then made the lender his assignee.

But the worst of it was in the family. He had a legal name for almost everything, and his desire was to prove to his parents that he was just absorbing dead-loads of law. If he wanted a potato at the dinner table he would remark:

"Father, file my claim against that baked potato and I'll prove the indebtedness this afternoon."

If he wanted bread he said: "Mother, get me out a writ of attachment for a piece of bread."

It was expected of him that he would build the morning fires, but no sooner had he gained an insight into law than he said to his father:

"I'm going to move for a change of venue unless some other arrangement is made."

He moved for a stay of proceedings when asked to go the grocery, and if chided for being out nights he replied:

"File your declaration and give me a chance for a jury trial."

When he was in good humor he would sit and regale his mother with stories about how Old Chancery was going up town one night and met Old Equity and asked him how Decree was getting along. Old Pleading and Expectations came along just then, and there was a big fight, and the young lawyer would slap his leg and add:

"If Indictment had only been there he'd have whaled the whole crowd!"

The other day the long-suffering father severed the tie. He was trying to bear up, hoping for reform, but as he sat down to the tea table his son brightened up and remarked:

"The defendant will now take the stand and be sworn. Now, sir, did you or did you not come out of Griswold street saloon at eleven o'clock this morning, wiping your mouth on the back of your hand? Tell the jury all about it, sir!"

It was a little too much, and the boy doesn't study law any more. He plays with a woodpile in the back yard.

Kissing the Bride.

The custom of kissing the bride at a wedding is of great antiquity, and while among the most refined classes it has fallen into disuse, it is still insisted on by many people with great rigor. A very amusing story is told of a Kentucky backwoodsman who had, after a long and ardent courtship of the belle of one of the Kentucky cities, won her for a bride. She had for a long time wavered in her choice, undecided whether to take him or a gentleman of wealth and position in the city, but finally choosing the humbler lot in obedience to her heart. The wedding was celebrated in great style, and the manly groom was almost as much admired for his colossal proportions and athletic symmetry as was the bride for her exceeding loveliness. Among the guests was the unsuccessful suitor, who was well aware of the jealousy with which the groom had regarded him, but who had overcome his chagrin at his failure and was sincerely anxious to congratulate the bride. One by one the guests offered their good wishes and their hearty kisses, while the groom looked on with approval and delight. At length among the rest came the rejected lover. The young groom watched him keenly, but without the least animosity in his expression. The unfortunate rival felt the delicacy of his position, and not caring to provoke the husband's ire he did not proffer the salute which was customary. As he was giving place to others after wishing the newly married pair well, the groom grasped his arm with his iron fingers, and in a low tone said: "She's my wife now, and I propose to see that she is treated as well as my wife should be treated. If you don't kiss her I'll break every bone in your body." Rather than quarrel the gentleman kissed the not unwilling bride, and the groom was satisfied.

Getting Their Dinner.

The Green Bay (Wis.) *State Gazette* relates the following fable: A large dog belonging to one of our citizens, and who usually accompanies his master to market in the capacity of porter, was intrusted with a fine steak, securely wrapped in paper, to carry home. The animal grasped the parcel between his teeth and trotted homeward beside his master. A short distance from the butcher's the gentleman entered another store, leaving the dog with the parcel standing on the sidewalk. Shortly two vagabond looking curs arrived on the spot and began snuffing about. Finally, the larger of the two curs began growling and barking at the guardian of the steak, who stood this sort of thing for some time, in a calm and dignified manner, till, finally, his bullying tormentors, probably having applied some opprobrious epithet to him, he opened his mouth to reply, and, of course, dropped the steak to the ground. The vagabond cur retreated, and the other dog, now fully exasperated, set off in pursuit of him. In an instant vagabond cur No. 2, who had been standing off a short distance, apparently a silent spectator of the scene, sprang forward and seized the steak in his mouth and put off in an opposite direction. Not long after, and in an alley not far from the scene of this little episode, were two curs holding a high festival over a rich, juicy steak, and those two curs were the identical ones engaged in the transaction previously related.

Spriggins recently had a pair of pantaloons washed, and they shrunk so as to be too small, and he complained to his wife about it. Said Mrs. Spriggins, said she: "Spos'in you take a bath, Spriggins, and shrink yourself to a proper size for them. Then they'll fit you."

SOME SNOW BUCKING.

Running Trains Through Forty Feet of Snow--Engines Buried in Avalanches.

The distance from Wells to Toano is not great. It is only thirty-seven miles. "The old man," as the boys call him—that is, Division Superintendent Coddington—had ordered a freight train to move up to the latter station, with four locomotives to draw it. Nate Webb, the champion snow bucker of the Sierras, had just came up from Truckee, with No. 8 snow plow to clear the track of the snow that had so long obstructed the trans-continental route, but had arrived only when the work was done, and had been ordered up to Toano on this train to see what was the matter with the plows that had proved themselves so efficient on this division. A reporter of the San Francisco *Chronicle* was also a passenger in the caboose attached to the train, and gives the following account of an interview with Webb:

Six miles out from Wells the conductor pointed out the drift and cut in which No. 2 passenger train stuck for twenty-four hours a couple of weeks ago. Nate looked at it a moment critically, and then with a disdainful expression remarked:

"Do you fellows call that a drift up this way? Why, men, that wouldn't stop a handcart in the Sierras. Our boys would laugh at such a pile of snow as that. When we have nothing beyond six or eight feet of snow down in the mountains, we think nothing of it. That is a drift? Why I can show you fifteen feet of snow on a level now down our way."

"What do you call a good fall of snow there?" asked the reporter.

"Well," replied Nate, "I suppose there is now fifteen feet of snow from Truckee over Emigrant gap. But then we don't have to buck against that snow, though we did when the road was first built, and before we had any snow sheds. But now the worst places are covered with sheds. But we wouldn't think of building a shed where there was no worse trouble that you show here. Why, a good eight wheel engine ought to buck through any drifts you have got here, and not make any fuss about it."

"How deep have you seen the snow in the Sierras?" asked the reporter.

"Forty feet," said Nate, gravely; and when the reporter expressed incredulity, he added: "I can show you twenty feet there now, and nobody pertends that we have got any snow so far this winter. The time hasn't come for that yet."

The reporter mildly suggested that, in his opinion, twenty feet was a very respectable depth of snow, though he admitted that his experience had not been very great.

Nate looked at him with a compassionate expression, and, after a moment's reflection, proceeded to relate some of his experiences. "I remember," he said, "in 1869 there came on a heavy storm. It didn't blow any, but the snow just came down everlastingly. Is was not a dry snow either, nor yet wet, but just damp enough to be sticky. I was sent out with a plow and seven engines to open the track. We got along pretty well until we reached the Blue canyon. Here the road skirts around the sides of the mountains. On one side you look straight up, and on the other side straight down. The track just forms a sort of a step in the rock. But when we got along there there was no track or step to be seen. I reckon the snow was forty feet deep on the track. That is, it was piled up on a line with the face of the mountain, growing thinner toward the top. Well, I told the boys to go for it, and they put on all steam and let her have it. But you had ought to have seen that snow fly! You couldn't see no plow, nor engines, nor anything else for that matter but just snow. The air was filled with snow, the whole canyon was filled with it. But the mass was too much for our power. The train gradually slackened, and when we had got about three hundred feet stopped altogether. I was just going to back out to get headway for another buck, when the snow on the face of the mountain along which we had passed began to slide. It came down on us before we could reverse the engines, and before we knew it the plow and the seven engines were buried out of sight. I had about one hundred Chinamen following us up with shovels to clear up the track behind us. These I ordered up as quick as possible, and set them at work digging the engines out. As fast as we got one out I sent it back to stand on a trestle that was about half a mile behind us, because I was afraid to leave them where they would be exposed to another slide. We got the engines all out after a while, though it was a tough job, I tell you, and the engineers and firemen were nearly smothered. Just before we got the last engine out I heard a prolonged whistle down the track. My first impression was that the trestle had given way under the weight on it, and I started back to see what was the matter. I wore snow shoes, and traveled on the outer bank for fear I might be caught in a slide. The whistle kept blowing a long, continuous, muffled kind of a sound that puzzled me a good deal.

When I got about half way back to the trestle it seemed to me that the sound didn't come from there. Then I began to try to locate it, and was more puzzled than ever. I couldn't make out whether the whistle was down in the bottom of the canyon, or where it was. All of a sudden I located the sound right beside me, and on the track. Then I knew what the matter was. One of the engines had got caught in a slide and was buried right there in a spot where the road made a cut through a little spur of the mountain. I brought up a gang of men as quick as I could and went to work digging the engine out. There was more than twenty feet of snow on top of her, and before we got down to her the engineer and fireman were senseless. They were lying flat on their faces, and all the air they had to breathe was that in the cab and under the trucks. The snow in falling had pressed down the lever that worked the whistle and set that blowing, and by that accident called attention and help. If it hadn't been for that these boys would have smothered sure.

Reporter—Then nobody was hurt seriously?

Nate—No; we got the men out, took them into a caboose and gave them a little refreshment, and in a couple of hours started on again. Some folks would have given that up as a bad job, but none of the boys there ever thought of giving up. We stuck to it all that day and all night, and the next morning got up to Cisco all right.

Reporter—That was a fair snow experience?

Nate—Fair, but nothing extra. I was caught along there another time, and found the snow worse than we expected. We bucked and bucked for hours with seven engines, but couldn't seem to make an impression on it. I made up my mind that we had got to stand a siege. So I started a man on snow shoes up to Cisco for grub and kept at the work. Pretty soon, with the help of shovels, we began to make headway, and when I least expected it we were through the worst obstruction. Then we started on at full speed, so as not to get stalled again. All of a sudden the brakes were whistled down. We picked up the messenger and tossed him clean over the telegraph wires. Luckily he struck on his feet and stood there buried in the snow up to his waist, but not a bit hurt. He motioned us to go on, and we did so, and got through to Cisco all right, leaving a clean tracking for the passenger trains to follow.

Reporter—What is the deepest snow you ever encountered in those mountains?

Nate—That's hard to tell. I've seen it thirty feet often. Once I had to blast it out. I sunk a shaft thirty feet deep and ran a little drift along parallel with the track and against the side of the mountain, and then put in half a dozen kegs of powder. That was funny! How the snow flew! But it did the business for that place.

Reporter—Did you often meet as much snow as that on the track?

Nate—In some spots it would always fill up; then again there would be places where we never had any serious trouble. I ran a snow plow one time right through one of those big snowbanks, making as nice a tunnel as you ever saw.

Reporter—How long was it?

Nate—Not very long, of course; maybe five hundred feet. I was just making for that bank with eight engines and all the steam we could put on. When we struck it the snow began to fly, and for a little ways we made a nice cut in it. But then the bank got higher than the plow, and pretty soon we were all buried. The engines were puffing their best and kept at it. We had good headway to start in on, and the boys took care not to lose more than we could help. And so they kept headway on her until we burst through on the other side of the bank. The snow just formed a sort of an arch over us, and we left the prettiest kind of a tunnel behind us just big enough for a train to pass through.

"An Ax to Grind."

We owe more of our common sayings and pithy proverbs to Dr. Franklin than many of us think or know. We say of one who flatters or serves us for the sake of some secrets, selfish gain or favor: "He has an ax to grind." In the doctor's "Memoirs" is the following story (much after the manner of the "whistle" story), which explains the origin of the phrase:

Franklin says: When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter's morning, I was accosted by a smiling man, with an ax on his shoulder.

"My pretty boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he. "Will you let me grind an ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "a fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on my head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you, and what's you're name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you're one of the finest lads that ever I have seen. Will you just turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged till I was almost tired to death. The schoolbell rang, and I could not get away. My hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me with:

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; scud to school, or you'll get it!"

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a little rascal, was too much. It sunk deep in my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When I see a merchant over polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an ax to grind.

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of attachment to liberty, who is in private life a tyrant, methinks, look out, good people, that fellow would set you turning grindstones.

When I see a man hoisted into office by party spirit, without a single qualification to render him either respectable or useful, alas! methinks, deluded people, you are doomed for a season to turn the grindstone.

A Good Year for Them.

It is a great year for the old man. Grandfathers who have been neglected and made to feel that they were in the way, and wished that they were dead, who have long been thrust away in the kitchen and left to mumble to themselves in the chimney corner, are astonished by being brushed up of an evening and brought into the parlor, where they are shown off to the company as centennial relics. "Grandfather, you knew Washington, didn't you?" screams a granddaughter in his ear, for he is very deaf. "Yes, yes," says grandfather, "the gin'rel borrer'd a chaw terbacco of me many and many a time!" The old man is going to Philadelphia, sure.

The Spring Fashions.

Cashmere associated with silk, a fashion journal tells us, will continue a favorite combination for spring costumes, cashmere having lost none of its old favor. Black will be the most popular color for these suits, as it conforms to the accessories of the toilet, whatever colors they may introduce, and is therefore both convenient and economical. The most fashionable costumes, however, will be of dark shades of other colors, as blue, green, etc. Knife plaiting, still so much used, promises to remain, at least through the season, one of the varieties of trimming. Cashmere suits for the street are to be completed by a small mantelet, held in to the waist with a belt fastened underneath.

Polonaises are constantly growing in favor, especially those cut after the princesse model. Basques and overskirts are also coming out in new patterns, though modistes insist that they must soon give way to a new order of things. The Lutetia overskirt is among the latest. This describes on the right side a rounded apron, while the left falls in a deep point reaching almost to the bottom of the underskirt, and is crossed diagonally over the right side, giving the effect of a double apron. The back shows two scant puffs, supplemented by a deep flounce, and the left side is ornamented by one of the long parasol pockets. A long tight-fitting basque, in cuirasse shape, known as the Aspasia, is designed for two materials, one for the sleeves and the rest described in the front, and another for the remainder of the garment. The roma sleeve gives a coat sleeve of graceful design; it fits closely at the waist, and is ornamented with a very deep puffed cuff. This pattern is especially appropriate for cashmere and thin goods.

Side plaiting, still much used, requires a length three times repeated, and shirring only half or one-third more than the single length, according to the fullness desired. One-third more is enough for the fullness which is gathered up at the sides in shirred overdresses, the front breadths of walking skirts, or for velvet flounces. Shirring, which many ladies imagine is a difficult trimming to make, is really quite simple, merely gathering repeated at regular intervals.

It was his Turn.

A clergyman was one evening summoned to his parlor, and found there a couple who wished to be married. No objection appearing on the questioning of the minister, the couple stood up together and the service was begun. The first part of it went off smoothly, but when it came time for the bride to reply to the question: "Wilt thou take this man," etc., she replied: "No, I won't." There was a sudden pause, some hurried questioning and expostulation by the astonished groom, which effected nothing more than a reiteration of the bride's refusal, and the outraged clergyman, in dignified and severe words, delivered a scathing rebuke and showed the party to the door. A half hour elapsed when the bell rang again, and the same couple appeared. The groom, no way abashed, explained to the clergyman that he had made up the quarrel between himself and the lady, after considerable coaxing, and had prevailed on her to return and be married. The clergyman hesitated, but at length consented, and the service was again begun.

When the groom was asked: "Wilt thou take this woman," etc., he replied, most emphatically: "No, I won't; it's my turn now." The bride burst into tears at this unexpected sign of pluck in the man she had fondly hoped to rule, and the clergyman, fairly incensed, turned them out of the house with scant ceremony. An hour later they returned and the groom again explained that he had made up with the lady, and they had finally determined to be married, and have no more nonsense about it. The clergyman consented this time with alacrity, and the groom responded to the questions asked with satisfactory promptness, and the lady performed her part with dignity and ease. When he came to the last part of the ceremony, however, the clergyman said: "It's my turn now. I will not pronounce you man and wife. You may go somewhere else to get married." And the fickle couple, after the third attempt, were turned away still single.

His Choice.

A pretty anecdote is told of Queen Victoria and Mendelssohn. A short time before his death the great composer visited the queen. He sat down at the piano, and played accompaniments while she sang some of his songs. When Mendelssohn rose to go, Victoria warmly thanked him for the pleasure he had given her, and said: "Now what can I do to give you some pleasure?" expecting him to mention some gift of honor she could confer upon him. Mendelssohn at first declined to mention anything, but when her majesty insisted, he frankly told her that he was a lover of little children, and that he desired to see the royal children in their nurseries. The queen mother was much pleased, and kindly led him through the nurseries, and they spent a pleasant hour talking in a friendly way about their children.

Martello Towers.

Martello towers are solidly built, circular, bomb-proof, towers for coast defense, about forty feet high, usually situated on or near a beach. The base contains the magazine, above which are quarters for the garrison; and over these is a flat roof, upon which is a gun mounted so as it may be fired in any direction. The name is derived from similar buildings that were erected on the coasts of Sicily and Sardinia during the period that piracy was common in the Mediterranean, for the purpose of keeping watch, and giving warning if a piratical vessel was seen approaching—this warning being by striking on a bell with a hammer—and hence the name "Torri da Martello." Those at Quebec are a portion of the general plan of the fortification of that city, and we believe are not directly connected with "The Citadel." There are a number in the United States; as, for instance, that on Tybee island.

Items of Interest.

A good lawyer is not a necessity, for necessity knows no law.

Spelling for the drinks is the popular pastime in Virginia City saloons.

Of the 1,711 newspapers issued in Great Britian, 808 are penny papers.

The Mormons propose to have a centennial of their own in Salt Lake City.

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?" Certainly not, if they behave themselves.

If there is no good bankrupt law, how can a merchant expect to fail and make money?

Centennial excursions to the United States are advertised throughout Europe at cheap rates.

What is that which every one wishes for and yet tries to get rid of? A splendid appetite.

A man thoroughly wrapped up in himself is liable to feel warm unless he is very thin.

There are 3,000 Chinese boys in California who will be voters when they become of age.

A ship loaded with gifts received by the Prince of Wales in India is on its way to England.

A woman dictates before marriage, in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterward.

Some people cannot drive to happiness with four horses, and others can reach the goal on foot.

A man in Belmont, N. Y., shouted "fire" so vigorously the other night that he dislocated his jaw.

We suppose men have the right to play the coquette during leap year. Let no jilty woman escape.

What is that which Adam never saw, and never possessed, and yet gave to each of his children? Parents.

A young lady being advised to take exercise for her health, said she would run the risk and jump at an offer.

A pair of Japanese coolies will travel from forty to sixty miles a day and draw a full-grown man, in those two-wheeled gigs they call a "jynrickisha."

A Greenland (N. H.) man has recovered $1,400 from the town because his horse shied at an old log in the road and threw him out of the wagon, breaking his ankle.

Piper, the convicted murderer of Mable Young, in Boston, has no appetite, and part of the time his hands are kept fastened behind his back to prevent self-destruction.

At a social hop in Anderson county Ky., recently, two gentlemen and two ladies were shot and killed. There is such a thing, it will be observed, as being too sociable.

"Make the vagabond earn his meals," says the Philadelphia *American* of the tramp. Bless your heart, friend, you don't know the character of the animal. He'd rather go hungry any time.

There are 162 driving parks in the United States. The value of the property held by these associations is estimated at $5,000,000; and that of the horses entered in a single year, $15,000,000.

When a clergyman recently inquired of a certain lady if she was "ready to give up worldly pleasures," she answered by asking if he was "ready to give up chewing tobacco in the presence of ladies!"

A tramp entered a schoolroom, near Alton, Ill., the other night, and made himself comfortable by replenishing the fire with school books. It is supposed that he burned up between $15 and $20 worth of light literature.

A justice of the peace in Sheboygan, Mich., married a couple, and for pay took an order on the bridegroom's neighbor for a "load of straw," and as he took too large a load the groom has sued him to make him refund.

When a man detects a missing button after getting on a clean shirt, no one in the house is aware of the fact. He takes off the shirt and puts on another, quietly smiling all the while. He never, never speaks of it to a soul.

Ezra Baker, of Boston, made no will for relatives and lawyers to fight over; but, just before death, he gave his million dollars' worth of property to his only son, the legal heir, and instructed him how to distribute it.

British officers pride themselves upon never wearing their uniforms except when on duty. The Duke of Cambridge has just directed a young officer, who got drunk and was noisy, to wear his uniform constantly for one year.

When a man empties the pockets of his coat preparatory to laying it out for repairs, there's nothing that makes his conscience get upon his hind legs quicker than the sight of the letter his wife gave him to mail two months ago.

Bad luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and his pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it will come out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come out all right.

A young American lady who has enjoyed the rare privilege of taking a stroll with the poet Tennyson, incidentally mentioned in a letter to a friend that "it seriously affected the romance of the situation when he paused during the walk to scratch his back against a gatepost."

The unusual torture of freezing and burning to death was the lot of a colored girl in Cumming, Wis. Her clothing caught fire, burning her fatally; and then she ran out of the house, almost naked, and the extreme cold helped to kill her before she could reach a neighbor's house, for which she had started.

According to a Brazilian correspondent, that empire must be the paradise of criminals. Murderers and robbers cannot be arrested unless taken in the act, and it is not rare to meet with monsters going at large who are known to have killed a number of people. Should a man be murdered, his relatives must prosecute, if they have money enough; the authorities will not act of their own accord.